CLARAPHIL AND CLARINDA: IN A FORREST OF FANCIES.

By THO: JORDAN, Gent.

Sat mihi sunt pauci Lectores; est satis unus;
Si me nemo legat, sat mihi nullus erit.
Owen, Epigram.

London, Printed by R. Wood.

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To the Worthily Honoured Mr. GEO: STRIPLING

SIR,

IF the Name of Stranger (a word in its genuine sence never despicable) do not defend the formality of this present Oblation, and put me to the eloquence of such an Apologie, as shall render me under then that Act which may be the object of my Accusation. I hope these imperfect mixtures of Fancy may gain a liberty to approach the presence of your leisure, and attend the truce of your more serious retirements. I dare not manifest the multiplicity of motives that have induced me to this uncustomary confidence, lest the representation of your own clear desservings, cause me to be accused for flattery (a

[illegible] and Sacriledge :) Sir, you will [illegible] weak Volume, finde such a little Wilderness of [illegible] Varieties, that you will think the Author was onely studious, to contrive an orderly Confusion. If any thing in it may be the object of your Approbation, I have an absolute accomplishment of all my Expectations; how ever, I shall cherish my self with hopes to enjoy the benefit of your pardon, and have licence to subscribe my Ambition, in the honour of being

SIR,

Your much devoted

Servant:

THO: JORDAN.

CLARAPHIL AND CLARINDA.

TO CLARINDA:

On Her Perfection.

I Will not *Saint* my fair *Clarinda*, SHE
More glorious is in her *humanity*;
Nor (in the heat of Fancy) pluck a Star
To rob the needy World, and place her there;
These are the subtle Raptures of the Times,
With which the wanton Poets make their *Rhymes*,

Rise high as doth their Bloud, 'till some proud She
Pamper'd with such new-cook'd *Divinity*,
Surfets; believing (in a pride of Soul)
These fictions true, and Sins without controul;
Do Angels boast *habitual purity*?
No 'tis in *them impeccability*,
And therefore not praise-worthy, they've, nor will,
Nor power to *think*, much less to *practice* Ill:
With thee 'tis otherwise, for thou mayst sin
Beyond hope of Repentance, and therein
Appears the odds, for maugre *Flesh* and *Bloud*,
Devil, *Temptation*, *Beauty*, thou art *Good*.

To Clarinda (*his Love*) *upon Refusal of a Kiss.*

WHat not a Kiss? *Clarinda*, this is strange,
What is the slender motive of this Change?
Nay, I'le not strive with you, 'tis no content
To me to take a Kiss by Ravishment:
Didst ever think I joyn'd my Lips to thine,
But when I thought thy Bliss as large as mine?
How strangely Curtesies mis-construed be;
That's thought Offence, which I meant Charity.
Not long time since, if I did once neglect
This kinde of kissing-duty, I was check'd,
And not enforced onely to restore it,
But (as a fault) to pay a Million for it:
And let me never be recorded where
The little God unfolds his Register,

But

But I did pay this amorous Duty down
As much for your Delight, as for my own:
And must your self-conceit make you so rude,
To pay my Merit with Ingratitude?
Forgetfull *Vanity*, can you deride
The Man whose Folly gave you cause of Pride?
Was it not I who (when ye did despair
To have the last fruits of an undone Heir)
Saluted ye with love? though since indeed,
Ye are well-furnish'd *Suitors* ride full speed:
Who yet cannot conceive Merit in you,
But trust my Judgement, love ye 'cause I do:
Before I brought ye choice, you had not any;
I was that One Fool that hath made your Many:
Had not I been, your *Maiden-head* would be
Fifteen years hence, of some *Antiquity*;
Perhaps lead Apes (Virginities perdition,
According to the Country superstition)
I did not onely love you, but did strive
To make you worthy of me, did contrive (Lip,
To mend Heav'ns work, changing that Eye, that
Controuling Nature's courser Workmanship:
I did applaud you 'bove a Deity
And make you Sacred, with my Heresie:
But now I see Fate will not be withstood:
Nature, nor I, nor both, can make you Good:
I stole a Constellation for your Eye:
Pollish'd you *Brow* with *Indian Ivory*:
Feign'd from your Lips, *Nectar* to Flow and Ebb;
Made your *hair* softer than *Arabine's* Webb;

Fetch'd *Pyramids* of *snow*, to vail your *Breft*,
Brought the red *Morning* from the early *Eaft*,
To deck your *Cheek*: your *Lips* (that wanted *bloud*)
Had liquid *Coral* from the furious *flood*,
To make them *ruddy*; *I* perfum'd your *breath*
More *fweet* than is the *Phœnix* at her Death.
I fent you *Summer fpices* from *Sabea*,
Arabian Aromats, *Balm* from *Judea*;
Such *Odors* for your *Breath*, I did invent,
Till they became a *gluttony* of *Scent*:
Your *Voice*, fo full of *Concord*, fome might be
Brought to beleeve, 'twas *Heaven's Hierarchie*.
Nor onely gave theſe to your *Outward Feature*,
Within I made ye a more *glorious Creature*;
I did conceit you *Innocent* to be,
As *Angels* in their *immortality*;
Chaft as the Virgin *Infant*, newly hurl'd
From the warm *Womb*, to weep in th' treach'rous (*World*;
Or the *firft Man*, ere Miſery made ſuit
He ſhould know *Eve*, the *Serpent*, and the *Fruit*:
I thought *Thee* as *conſtant* (without variation)
As riſing *Titan* to his *declination*.
And the great *cauſe* of thy *Ambition*, is,
Thy Vanity made thee Beleeve all this:
But (by the *Magick* of that *Poeſie*
That brought them to thee) from *thee* they ſhall (*Glie*,
And never *ſee* thee more, thy *Glaſs* ſhall be
The onely *Mirror* of *Deformity*;
This recompence I will return thy *Ill*,
Then ſhalt *have* leave to ſay, *I love thee ſtill*.

That thou mai'st keep thy *Loves*, who (if they know
How thou quite'st me) will quickly leave thee to,
Whil'st I with humbled *Knees*, in devout *Prayer*,
Purge out the *sin* that made me *feign* thee fair.

A Wish for a Widow, in the Character of a good Husband.

IF a white *Wish*, wing'd with a *Zeal*, more bright
Than *Prayers*, proceeding from an *Anchorite*,
When he bedews with tears the sacred *shrine*,
May prove propitious, pray accept of *mine*;
If't be decreed, *Hymen* shall once more light
His holy *Tapers* for your *Bridal Night*,
May he be such a *Consort*, as excels
The vast extent of largest Parallels;
May the renown'd *Endowments* of his *Mind*,
Be the *epitome* of all *Mankind*:
May the *Effigies* of his *Beauties*, be
Th' Exact *Face* of a *Deity*;
Let him in such high *seas* of *Learning* swim,
That all the *Sciences* may *study Him*.
Next, I would him *Valiant*, and further
From *Tyranny*, than *Mercy* is from *Murther*;
And his own *Actions* such a Volume be,
As shall exceed all Rules of *Heraldry*:
May he be one, whose most auspicious *Star*
Designs *him* to compose these Civil *Wars*.
For you are Mistress of such *merit*, that
None but one destin'd to erect a State,

Is worthy of you; But if he should prove
Short of all this, May he supply't with Love,
And Court you with such a divine respect
As (at last day) the *Saints* shall the *Elect*:
So loyall to your Bed, that he may deem
No Woman but your self was made for him,
So shall you nere be jealous, but expell
That plague which turns a Marriage to a Hell:
May you live free from Sorrows, nay, from Fears,
Growing no lesse in Graces, than in years:
But if a widow'd life you think more bliss,
May that prove full as happy to you as this.

An Epithalamion on the much honoured Pair
T.S. Esquire, and Mrs. D.E.

SO at the first the *Soul* and *Body* met,
When the Creator did in Councel set
To make a Little world command the Great.

Nor are your Flames less Innocent than they
Before the Grand Impostor did betray
Their fatal Freedoms to the Worlds decay.

Therefore let all that Heaven can dispense
To royal Mankinde in the Soul and Sense,
Possess ye with Seraphick influence.

May all the promis'd Blessings on each Nation,
From *Genesis*, to *John's* high *Revelation*,
Contribute to your Cordial Coronation.

May both your Brows be circled with such Beams
Of Glory, as appear'd in *Jacob's* Dreams,
Or the *Dove* darted upon *Jordan's* Streams.

May Lovers light their Torches at your Flame,
And may the power of *Stanley's* single Name
Prove the sublimest Epithet of Fame.

May your hearts fix above the force of Fate,
May neither Princes frown, nor Peoples hate,
Your fair Affections dis-unanimate.

May ye have all ye can desire, And when
Your wishes have out-vied the thoughts of Men,
Some Power direct you how to wish agen.

An Acrostich on two Pairs of Inseparable Friends married in one Day.

Jove	Joyn these Pairs,	and May each Blessed	
Obtain	A Guard of Angels for	A Guide;	(Bride
Heaven,	Nature,	Vertue,	Reason (in commixt)
Nobilitate,	Enrich, and	Love	Your Union;
Grace,	Faith, and	Knowledge,	bless ye; may ye be,
Each	Others Bliss;	No Evil	Injure ye;
Let nothing	Re-divide;	Eternal	Rest,
Love,	Dwell, and	Last in each	Divine Breast.

An Epithalamium in a double Acrostich, written on the noble Names, and sacred Nuptials of the worthily honoured Edward Marrow *Esquire, and the truly virtuous Mrs* Anne Grantham.

EMinent Pair, what ever *Sidney* saw,
In ARGALUS and his PARTHENIA
DIminute your Excellence, how then
Shall I depict ye, with so poor a Pe
WHat Power shall I implore? *Apollo's* gone
For whom my Muse lies drench'd in *Helico*
ARts are malignant, Poems, out of Date,
The Lay-man calls Learning a Reprobat
REason is banish'd, and what ere did spring
From those fair *Banks* where *Peace was flourishin*
DIvinest Pair, whose bright Perfections are
More luminary than the morning Star
MAy all the Pleasures *Phebus* ever saw
In *Europe*, *Asia*, or *Americ*
ATtend your Genial Joyes; What Nature can
Contribute to the Excellence of Ma
REdouble your felicity, May Night
And Day, contend, who shall yield most delight
RIchesse and Honour, Vertue (the best Wealth)
Beauty, with all the circumstance of Healt
GOod your wish, and he that will not pray
As I have done, is *Love's Anathem*
WAr never fright ye, wheresoere ye come,
May bright *Apollo's* Harp drown *Mars* his Dru

An Acrostical Eulogie, written on the worthy name of Mr. William Legassick, *second sonne to Mr.* Henry Legassick, *of little* Hempstead *in the County of* Devon.

With a heart free from Flatteries fair crimes,
(Let me salute you in these rural Rhymes;
I must confess the favours you have done,
Exceed my best Congratulation.
Love (whose bright Laws you never disobay)
Guides you to do more then a Verse can pay:
Learning and those accommodations which
Amplifie Nature, and make Spirits rich,
Improve their fertile Faculties, and do
Shine forth the brighter, 'cause they dwel in you:
A great Apostle 'twas, that said, *if I*
Speak Angels language without Charity,
My words are but as tinkling Cimbals. You
Will mitigate him, have Love and Learning too:
CHRIST guard your Family, and may your Name
Keep up, till all the world flye in a flame.

Sic Vaticinatur:

T. J.

A double Acrostick, composed on the Names of Mr. Francis Jordan *of* Ensham *in the County of* Oxon, *and* Th. Jordan *the Author.*

F Aith, Hope, and Charity, Wealth, Worth, and Wit,
Wait on their Names for whom this Poem's wri T;
R eligion, Reason, Temperance, and Truth,
The peace of Conscience, and the joys of Yout H,
A ttend upon their Actions; may they know,
No change, that bears the name or badge of w O;
N o ill approach their Natures, may the jem
Of mutual friendship ever dwell with the M;
C ontent be their beatitude, and may
Their loves encrease, and meet no Remor A;
I oy crown their days, and may no sad distress,
At any time expel their happines S;
S aints be their Guardians, let nothing be
Obnoxious to their lawful amit J;
J ehovah joyn their spirits, may they grow,
Brighter then Lillies on the Banks of P O;
O mnipotence defend them from that Star
Whose influence brings Famine, Plague, or Wa R.
R ebellion and those bloudy crimes that stand,
Upon the red Accompt of this black Lan D,
D epart from their designes as large a way,
As 'tis from Europe to Amerie A.
A ll happiness that ever hath been known,
From *Adam's* death to Christ's Ascensio N,
N obilitate their souls; enrich their lives,
And grant them handsom Graves, or chaster Wives.

Acrost

A Cross Acrostich, on two crosst Lovers.

Though cross'd in our Affection, still the flames,
Of Honour, shall secure our Noble Names;
Nor shal Our Fate divorce our Faith, Or cause,
The least Mislike of Love's Diviner Laws.
Crosses somtimes Are Cures, Now let us prove,
That no strength Shall Abate the Power of Love;
Honor, Wit, Beauty, Riches, Wisemen call,
Frail Fortune's Badges, In true Love lies all.
Therfore to him we Yeild; our Vows shall be
Payd, Read, and written in Eternity;
That All may know, when men grant no Redress,
Much Love can sweeten the unhappiness.

Another kinde of Acrostich.

Sweet Soul of *goodness* in whose Saintlike brest
Virtue Vows dwelling to make Beauty blest;
Sure Sighing *Citherea* fits, your Eyes
Are Altars, whereon she might sacrifice;
Now None will of the Paphean Order be,
Nature's New work transcends a Deity;
A*rabia's* A*romaticks* Court your scent,
Bright Beauty makes your Gazers Eloquent;
Let Little *Cupid* his lost Eyes obtain, (gain
Vailed, Viewing you, would strike him blind;
Nay, Never think I flatter, if you be
Thus To none else, by *Love* you are to me.

A New-years Gift in the ordinary Acrostich to his Friend Mr. John Curling.

J f I were one of those that lately sold
C onscience and Country for a Gripe of Gold,
O r had I now a power to surprize
U npittied *England* with a worse Excise
H appily I might lend ye from my store
R esplendent Jewels, or the *Indian* Oar,
N ow I can send ye nought but empty Dishes,
L oat, larded ore with Language & good wishes.
I *ehovah* grant that upon Sea and Land,
N othing prove profitless you take in hand:
G o forth and prosper, May your Labours end
E re't more wealth then wit, or Time can spend
May all the Good you can attempt, prevail,
Fate finde you fraught, & fair Winds fill your Sail,

On the honoured Services of the most worthy Col. Rokeby, *under the Command of Monsieur* Gaslion *the* French *General against the* Spanish *Forces.*

Anno 1646, & 1647

SIr, since in Ages past, Verses have been
The Balm to Valour, and preserved green
The Acts of antique Heroes, such as made
The Reader ravish'd with the Royall Trade

Of righteous War, upon the Creſt of thoſe
Whom Fate and Diſ-affection made their Foes,
I hope my maimed Muſe (late troden down
By the red fury of *Rhamnuſa's frown*)
May re-erect her drooping head, and be
A Tomb to Royal *Rokeby's* Memory,
Whoſe Acts do want a *Homer* to reherſe,
Being fitter for a Volume, than a Verſe;
Witneſs the wiſe Entrenchment that was made
Before *Courtrey*, Where the ingenious Spade
Furrow'd the fiery Field, and did engage
The ſlow-pac'd fury of *Spain's* ſubtleſt Rage;
VVhich ſoon approach'd in a relieving Power,
Fleſh'd with four Thouſand Men, whoſe fatal hour
Rokeby commanded, whoſe Magnetique Sword
Drew bloud at any diſtance, and whoſe VVord
Gave life to all the Cavalry, in brief,
He forced their Retreat, and kill'd their Chief;
This is not all, nor muſt his faithfull Fame
Content it ſelf with ſuch a ſingle Flame,
Mardyke looks big, a Fort that did impart
The Labyrinths of Mathematique Art,
VVhoſe well-man'd Baſtions might Defiance give,
To all the VVorld, and (unſupported) live
Upon their thrifty Store, 'till *Rokeby's* Men
Made a fierce On-ſet, and into their Den
Shot ſo much fire, that all within it, ſay,
The *French* Compounded with the *Latter Day*;
Next *Dunkirk*, (which ſo many years hath been
The Trap of *Flanders*) ſtrait was taken in

By *Rokeby's* bold Assistance, whose fair Fate
Attempted nought too early, or too late:
Labassay (next to this) the *French* oblige
With the hot Complement of a close Siege;
Lans being then re-taken, there was slain (*Spain*,
A Man whose worth out-weigh'd the Crown of
Royall *Gaston*, whose Name the Army wou'd
Rather than Tears, enbalm with *Spanish* bloud:
Which shall not cease to run 'till all are made
The Subject of a Charnell-house and Spade;
Untill which time, my due Devotion sues,
That (He who now is Subject of my Muse)
The noble *Rokeby*, may (undaunted) stand,
The fixed glory of his Native Land,
Till honor'd Age conclude his Life, and then
I wish his Worth may meet some better Pen.

The Anti-platonick by I.C. *with an Answer by* T.I.

FOr shame thou Everlasting Woer,
Still saying Grace, and ne're fall to her;
Love that's in Contemplation plac'd,
Is *Venus* drawn but to the *Waste*,
Unless his heat confess his Gender,
And the Parley cause Surrender:
They are *Salamanders* of a cold Desire,
That live un-scorch'd amidst the wildest Fire.

What)

What though she be a Dame of Stone,
The Image of *Pigmalion*,
As hard, and un-relenting She
As the new-crusted *Niobe*;
Or (what doth more of Statue carry)
A Nun of the *Platonick Quarrey*:
Love melts the rigor, which the Rocks have bred,
A *Flint* will break upon a *Feather-bed*.

Then leave ye pretty Female Elves,
To candy and preserve your selves,
VVomen commence by *Cupid's* Dart,
As the King's Hunting dubbs a Hart:
No more ye Sectaries of the Game
No more of your Calcining Flame:
Love's Votaries enthrall each others Soul,
Till both of them do live upon *Parol*.

Virtue's no more in VVomen kinde
Then the Green-sickness of the Minde,
Philosophy, they're new Delight:
A kinde of Charcoal Appetite:
There is no Sophistry prevails
VVhen *Love* a loving heart assails:
But the disputing Petty-coat will warp,
As skilfull Fencers use to check at Sharp:

The Souldier, that man of Iron,
VVhom Ribs of Horror all inviron,

VVho strong with *Wyer* instead of *Veins*,
In whose Embraces y' are in Chains,
Let a Magnetique Girl appear,
And he turns *Cupid's* Curaseer;
Love storms his Breast, and takes the Fortress in
For all the bristled Turn-pikes of his Chin.

Since Love's Artillery (their Cheeks)
The Breast-work which the firmest seeks;
Come, let us in affecton Riot,
They 're sickly Pleasures, keep their Diet;
Give me a Lover bold and free,
Not impeach'd with formality;
Lik an Embassadour that beds a Queen,
VVith the nice Caution of a Sword between.

I. C.

The Answer.

LEave thy salt lascivious Lover,
Is't no more but *Come* and *Cover*,
Love that is by Luft mislead,
Is *Hellen drawn upon her head*:
And the luxurious Garb is stranger
Than the Horse-tail tied to th' Manger:
That scorching *Salamander* kills his *Sire*,
VVho will confound his alimental Fire.

Although she be no Dame of Snow,
VVhich with every Smile will flow;

Or

Or be transform'd (by brackiſh bloud)
From a Figure, to a Floud:
Her Love will laſt, when (after loathing)
Thy Marchpane Miſtreſs melts to nothing:
Love is a *Gem* in the Celeſtial Crown,
A *Diamond* is never broke with *Down*.

Then ceaſe to friſk it ſo like Elves,
And make *French* Monkeys of your ſelves;
VVhy ſhould Cowardice prevail?
Valiant Men do nere *turn tail*:
Love is no *Faction*, the direct
And true Religion, is no *Sect*:
Luxurious Lovers do (like Rebells) frame
A *War* againſt their *King* in his *own Name*.

Virtue is a Virgins VVealth,
The Magazine of mental Health;
And (ſince *Philoſophy* ſhould be
The Hand-maid to *Divinity*)
Her ſacred Sylogiſms ſhall
Maintain, *Luſt* is *Apocriphal*:
The *party-colour'd Cod-piece* then ſhall be
Struck dumb, with *Farthingall Philoſophy*.

Your *pincer-finger'd Souldier* which
Doth deal *in heat of bloud*, and *itch*:
May, when the Dog-days do increaſe,
Court *Venus* in her *Verdigreſe*;

Or finde some *Tyndar-hearted Saint*,
Where he may wallow in her Paint:
For such a piece of potent Pleasure can
(It's *ten to one*) *charge* both your *Horse* and *Man*.

Since *Lust* is nothing but the foul
And fierce Consumption of the Soul,
Let our embracing Spirits prove
The *Joys* of *incorporeal Love*;
Let *Wantons* in their *wilde Desires*
Call us *Cupid's Crucifiers*:
We will the Wonders of our *Love* reherse,
When *Fire* shall vitrifie the *Universe*.

A Blessing to my Creditors.

THe *Debtor* to the *Creditor* did fall,
Crying, *Be patient*, and *Ile pay you all*;
With such humility come I to you,
Believing Men, and, with his Words, I sue,
That you'll have *Patience*, 'tis a Virtue which
Will not Impoverish, but make ye Rich
In Heaven's high esteem, And from that Store
Who ever hath his Wealth, cannot be poor:
You know the Scripture doth these words afford
Who gives the Poor lends Money *to the Lord*;
Then whatsoere is scor'd for their Expence,
Your *Interest*, shall be treble *Recompence*:
Is not this well now? Who would not give all
To have his *Use* exceed his *Principal*?

And

And yet there shall not on your *Conscience* lie
The burthen of extorting *Usury*:
If *Giving* get such *Gain*, be not afraid,
For what ye *lend*, shall surely be *repaid*;
I, but you'l ask me when? why there's th' offence
Y'are guilty of, ye must have *patience*.
Ye tell me, when I say, I cannot *pay*,
You'll take an *Order* with me, What, I pray?
You will *imprison* me, where I shall lie
As much indebted to your *Charitie*;
This is the way to have God's *Curse* to sink ye;
But is't the way to have your *Money*, think ye?
Will it not make your very Souls to quake,
When I shall ask ye *Bread for the Lord's sake*?
An hundred hungry Christians like mine lie,
And you must make me keep um *Company*:
Have *Patience* pray, if ye do chance to die
Before y'are paid, Ile write your *Elegie*,
And such a serious one, void of all *Flashes*,
That shall revive ye when your *Tomb's* turn'd *Ashes*;
Ile make your *Names* to Men sweeter than Spice:
Who else would curse ye for your *young heirs sweet*?
But what's all this to *Money*? 'twill not pierce
Your greedy Mindes, you'll not be paid in *Verse*,
Nor yet in *Prose*, I see, you hold it sweeter,
To have your *Debt* in *Money* than in *Meeter*:
Why, ye shall ha't: Nay, do not thank me, prey,
Not yet I mean, you know there is a *Day*
Shall pay for all; and then kinde curteous Men,
In every *Hundred* Ile allow ye *Ten*.

Why now, your Looks plead pitty, ye shall see
The *blessings* I have kept in store for ye,
Blessings that shall prevail beyond your *Purses*,
And free ye from *Tom Randolphs witty Curses*,
May all your *Wives* turn *honest*, and your *Mothers*,
And waste your *wealth* no more on *younger Brothers*:
I wish a *blessing* upon all your Seed,
May all your Children learn to *write* and *reade*,
And *cast Account well*, which, in vulgar sence,
Is to dispose your *Pounds*, *Shillings*, and *Pence*.
May they to *Riot* never be inclin'd,
Or to the *female Gender* give their Minde,
But if it happen so, they needs must turn
Their Mindes to carefull Marriage, or else burn,
Let them in Heavens name wed, and never cease
To be laborious for the Worlds increase;
And (though you nere were any) I wish then
Their *Children* may be *Sons of Gentlemen*,
Have all their Carriage lie in the *French* Roade,
To wear their *Cloaths Gentile*, and *Al le mode*,
These and such other *Blessings*, sure will stay ye,
Las these may come to pass yet ere *I pay ye*.

The Eccho's Oracle, an Eclogue betwixt Melancholicus *and* Aulicus.

Mel. REport relates that in this Forrest lies
(Hid in mysterious Concavities)
A famous *Eccho*, she they say that is
Recorded in the *Metamorphosis*.

Aul.

Aul. 'Tis ſaid, ſhe is Oraculous, and can
(By a moſt queint Reflexion) give a Man
Such *Anſwer* to his *Queſtion* that affords
Another *Senſe* extracted from his *Words*.
Mel. Prethee let's try: what ſhall we ask?
Aul. No matter I,
What, ask her any thing.
Mel. Why then have at her;
Ile whiſper firſt —— Myſterious Mother, thou
That mock'ſt the bleating *Lamb*, and lowing *Cow*,
Or any ſound that doth thy Cavern paſs,
Hearken ——
Aul. Unto the braying of an *Aſs*.
Mel. Prethee be ſilent.
Aul. Prethee ſpeak in ſeaſon;
Ask her who ſhall be King.
Mel. No, no, that's Treaſon,
She dares not anſwer.
Aul. Why? She need not fear,
For an whole Army cannot wound the Air.
Mel. What *Heir*?
Aul. Air of this Forreſt.
Mel. Yes they may
Cleave it with fire.
Aul. She'll be as fierce as they,
Beſides ſhe is ſo able to retort,
Do what they can, ſhe'll give the laſt Report.
Mel. She's very old, Ile ask her if ſhe know
Acts that were done a thouſand years ago:

Tell me (*Great Eccho*) where (with such high fury)
Did *Christ* receive his *Injury?*

Eccho. *In Jury.*

Mel. A perfect *Oracle*; She that so well
(With direct Readiness) things past can tell,
Knows something yet to come, I am on fire,
Till I hear more of this: Now do you try her.

Aul. Come *Eccho*, say, what's a more monstrous Evil,
Then we have read in *Mandevil?*

Eccho. *Man-Devil.*

Aul. What are those men that *Faction* so inspires
To be our Churches *Edifiers?*

Eccho. *Fiers.*

Aul. What did they think of our Comunion-table
When they were so *un-affable?*

Eccho. *A Fable.*

Mel. Thou knew'st the Jews ith' days of great *Herodias*,
Will *Scotchmen* be *Commodians?*

Eccho. *Becom edians.*

But if our Persons in their power fall,
Will they prove *Rational?*

Ecch. *Prove rash on all.*

Aul. How can they be our *Commonwealths* defenders?
They were our Peace-*Endeavourers.*

Eccho. *Devourers.*

Mel. *Peace* is pure sweetness, though we care not for her,
What is their due that do abhor her?

Eccho. *Horror.*

Aul Come, come, I'le ask no more, for she affords,
Nothing but by advantage of our *Words*;

Let

Let us depart, 'tis likely we can finde,
Little to do, that wanton with the VVinde:
No, prethee ſtay, I have two queſtions more
To ask, and I have done.

Aul. Prethee give o're.

Mel. A *Lady* loves me, *Eccho*, ſhall I chuſe her,
To be my *Miſtreſs*, or *refuſe her?*

Eccho. *Uſe her.*

Mel. I call her *Dear*, and ſhe ſtiles me her *Hony*,
VVhat can be greater *Harmony?*

Eccho. *Her mony.*

Mel. VVhil'ſt that is laſting, I will ne'r forſake her,
If thou wilt have me *undertake her.*

Eccho. *Take her.*

Aul. This is meer *humour* (and indeed) no more
Then what is daily practiz'd, for before (um,
Some do propound, thoſe *thoughts* that do diſeaſe
They angle for ſuch *Anſwers* as may *pleaſe* um:
And do commit unto the *Hearers* truſt,
The charge of *pleaſing*, not of being *juſt*:
So a weak *Prince*, and *Paraſites* accord,
He asks is't *well?* They anſwer, *Well my Lord.*

A Bill of Love.

BE't known to all men, by theſe Preſents, I
Franck Wild-love, late of *Infidelity*;
Ith' County of *Inconſtant*, Gentleman:
Ackhowledge (with the greateſt zeal I can)

My

My self to *ow* and be *indebted* to
Maria Fair-chast Virgin, late of *True*,
Ith' County of *Credulity*, the *Summ*
Of my *Affections*, and to tender um
Upon her first *Demand*, to which, I *binde*
My *Body*, *Heart*, *Life*, *Soul*, in this most kinde
And amorous *Obligation*, such a Debt
No *Heirs*, nor yet *Executors* are set
To see discharg'd, but onely He that owes
Must pay, or the fair *Creditor* must lose;
Dated the one and twentieth year oth' Reign
Of *Cupid*, *King of Hearts*, (our Sovereign)
Witness the *Cherubims*, and *Common-weal*
Of *Angels*, here I fix my *Hand* and *Seal*.

Fr. *Wildlove*.

A Farewell to his worthy Friend, *Mr* John Curling *upon his Voyage to the* Indies.

IF I were more enamor'd with thy *sight*
Than with thy *safety*, I should much invite
Thy stay in *England*, and dissuade thee from
Those motives which divert thy feet from home,
But since I see the sullen Wars increase,
And sad Destruction mortifie our Peace,
I do applaud thy *Providence*, and pray
That thy Negotiations Night and Day
May prove propitious, thou I hope, wilt *finde*,
Though amongst *Heathen*, Spirits more inclin'd

Unto

Unto Humanity, then some that here
Usurp the name of *Christians*, May the cleer
Beams of divine Protection ever dwell
In all the Good you can attempt, *Farewell.*

The Pursuit betwixt Claraphil *and* Clarinda.

Clarinda AY me, flie me not,
Good faith, I do mean no harm;
I am out of breath,
Support me from death,
With thy all-curing Arm:
Alas, I faint,
My tyring Limbs do tremble,
Then prove
My Constant Love,
No true heart can dissemble.

Once more turn thy face,
Encourage my failing Feet,
That now are grown faint
With Brambles restraint:
For every Bush I meet
Doth throw me down;
And ere I can recover,
Thy flight
Out-goes my sight,
What Sorrow hath a Lover.

The Reply of Claraphil *to another Air.*

Claraphil.

THough I with fair *Venus* guide all,
Those bright *flames* we sacrifice,
And confess no other *Idol*
Than the *Altar* of thine *Eyes*:
Though I know thy Glories can
Provoke a *Proselyte* from *Pray'r*,
And the *Destiny* of *Man*
Doth lie tangl'd in thy *hair*:
Though thy Mental *Merit* may
Mollifie immortal *Ire*,
Mitigate the *Latter Day*,
And reverse the Rage of *Fire*.

Look up to your *Saphir* VVindow,
VVhere the *Destinies* appear,
Thou on that shalt finde *Clarinda*
My red *Ruine* written there;
That no *Virgin* can be true,
If my *favor* she implore,
But will wander for a new,
And invite a *Million* more;
Though thy sacred *Soul* may be
Fix'd, yet thou in me wilt finde
Something (though unknown to me)
VVill make thee *wilder* than the *Winde*.

Chorus

Chorus by Both, with a through Bas.

THen let thy bended Knees the *Gods* implore
That thou may'st *love* me no more:
And we with *Incense* will their *Altars* warm,
Till they have loſed the *Charm*,
Panchean Spices, and *Arabian* Gums,
Shall ſweat, in whole *Hecatombs*,
Our Optick faculties ſhall nere be drie,
VVe thus will do till we *die*.

A Kiſs, by Mr. T.S.

A *Kiſs* I begg'd, and ſhe did joyn
Her *Lips* to mine,
Then (as afraid) ſnatch'd back her *Treaſure*,
And mock'd my *Pleaſure*;
Agen, my *Charieſſa*, for in this
Thou onely gav'ſt *Deſire*, and not a *Kiſs*.

The Anſwer.

A *Kiſs* you had, the *fair One* gave
What you did crave,
But (wiſely) limited her *Treaſure*
For further *Pleaſure*,
Extract no more of *Honey* from thoſe *Hives*,
For fear you *ſurfet* on *Preparatives*.

The Senses.

CLarinda, in thy face,
Is all that ever was,
Pertaining unto Beauty, Youth, and Grace,
I prethee let me *Gaze?*

No Angel in a Sphere,
Doth sing so sweet and cleer,
His heavenly *Hallelujah* to Heavens ear;
I prethee let me *Hear?*

Thy breathing doth excel,
The Ayr where Roses dwel,
All pestilential peril 'twill expel;
I prethee let me *Smell?*

Upon thy Lip is plac'd,
Prevention for a Fast,
'Tis so Divine a Julip, I shall last,
For ever, if I *Taste.*

Although thy heart is steel,
Each Limb, from Head to Heel,
Is soft as Down, that fals from *Arachne's* Wheel;
I prethee let me *Feel?*

Give Ear unto my moan,
Let me no longer groan,

Surprize me with thy *Senses* one by one,
Or I shall lose my own.

Solitude.

POor Swain, thou must repair,
Where neither Ear nor Eye,
Thy sad Laments can over-hear, or spye;
Into some silent Ayr.
That kindly entertains,
Thy sighes, and with no Eccho mocks thy pains;
Since thy *Clarinda* scornfully professes,
She cannot chuse but laugh at thy distresses.

Blest be thou *Solitude*,
That to thy Cypress Grove,
Invites the Melancholy soul of Love;
No murmur shall intrude,
No flattr'ing Winde invade,
To spoyl the happy quiet of thy shade:
Here will I sit, and *Venus* Son importune,
To torture her, that laughs at my misfortune.

Kinde *Cupid* bend thy Bow,
And with thy keenest shafe,
Transfix her breft, that glories in her craft;
Shoot home, that there may flow,
From her obdurate heart,
A Stream to drench the feathers of thy Dart:
That when (like me) her flame she cannot smother,
We both may love, and laugh, at one another.

Eliza

Eliza and Alexis, a Dialogue.

Eliz. WOrthy *Shepherd*, caſt thy *Eyes*,
Here thy ſcorn'd *Eliza* lies,
And without thy *Love* ſhe *dies*:
I prethee then draw near me.
Alex. Oh! no, fly away, I never more will hear thee.

Faithleſs *Shepherdeſs*, I flie,
'Cauſe I fear to caſt an Eye
In thy *Love* doth *Ruine* lie,
I may no more miſtake thee,
Eliz. Ay me! I'm undone, My Shepherd will forſake me,

What though I have *gone aſtray*,
Wilt thou work my *Lifes* decay,
Prethee do not turn away,
But once more come and chear me,
Alex. Oh! no, fly away, thou never ſhalt come near me.

Didſt thou onely go *aſtray*,
When thou wrought'ſt my *Love's decay*,
And my *Life* thou wouldſt *betray*,
What Anſwer canſt thou make me?
El. Ay me! I'm undone, my Shepherd will forſake me.

I will help to *fold* thy *Sheep*,
And my ſelf in *Garlands* keep,

I will *watch* whileſt thou doſt *ſleep*,
No *Danger* ſhall come near thee.
Alex. Oh! no, fly away, I never more will hear thee.

Thou ſhalt nere come nigh my *Sheep*,
Leaſt thy *Magick* work ſo deep,
That they *devour* me in my *Sleep*,
When none are near to wake me.
El. Ay me! I'm undone, My Shepherd will forſake me.

Doſt remember how by ſlight,
Thou mad'ſt me thy *Quarrell* fight?
In hope to have me *kill'd* out-right,
By *Sheep-hooks* in a *Duell*.
El. Sweet Shepherd now forget, or thou wilt be too cruell.

This is onely thy pretence,
That I may be *baniſh'd* hence,
Prethee *pardon* one *offence*,
I never more will grieve thee.
Al. Dear Danger *get thee gone, I never will believe thee.*

El. I will rob the choiſeſt *Bowers*,
To make *Coronets* of *Flowers*,
Merrily we'll ſpend the *howers*,
And thou ſhalt be my *Shepherd*.
A. Sweet Syren get thee hence, thou'rt ſpotted as a Leopard.

If thou doſt but touch a *Bowre*,
Guilt will all the place *deflowre*,

Thy

Thy very ſmelling doth devour,
And I ſhall ne'r be merry;
Eliz. Deer Shepheard take my life, my ſoul is ſick (and weary.

The Adultereſs.

WHo would have thought *Luxuria*, when
Thy choiſe made me the beſt of Men,
Thou could'ſt contrive my life's decay,
And wound that heare which once did pay,
A price for thine? What Souls have they,
That do with tears betray?

Thou didſt petition me with *Prayers*,
With *blubber'd Eyes*, and *torn Hairs*,
That both our Hearts might joyn in one;
Thou wert ſo full of melting mone,
For fear thy life ſhould be o'rethrown,
I did deſtroy my own.

Yet ſhe that then did ſo profeſs,
Faith, Truth, and Love, knows nothing leſs;
But all her Bloud with poyſon flows,
For in the Bride-bed where the Roſe,
And Violets did their ſweets diſcloſe,
Henbane, and Hemlock grows.

Such Woes are only known in Hell,
My Love had never paralel;
And how I *hate*, no tongue can tell.

That

That were the World from women free,
As 'twas at firſt, my ſoul ſhould flee
Her *ſalt ſocietie.*

I would embrace a Body firſt,
By *Brothels twenty Winters Nurſt*;
And all the plagues compleatly, curs'd
Whoſe mortifying breath at ten
Miles diſtance might deſtroy ſtrong men,
Ere we would meet agen.

Add to my Life ten thouſand years,
With *health*, and *treaſure*, free from *fears*;
I would not have them to be Hers;
Nay ſhould afflicting Furies frame
A fire, and force me to my ſhame,
I'de wallow in the flame,

The Compariſon.

Fond *Love* that blinded Boy,
So many keeps in Bands,
Is like the Cold, and Chriſtiall Ice,
In wanton Childrens hands;
Which though it hurt their tender joynts,
It ſo delights their Eie,
Although they ſeem to let it fall,
They hold it faſt and cry.

The Rebell.

LOve? No; I am not such a Foe
To my *Peace*, Prethee cease,
Say no more,
Though her *Eyes*
Are the Skies
Where *Love* flies,
And Inveagles
All the *Eagles*
That in her Airy soar,
I dare not flie, in her Skie,
'Tis too *high*;
Once her *frown*
Threw me down
So *low*,
That I swore, Never more
In a *Sun-beam* to soar,
Love and I, will each other never know.

He brings such *Woes* with him
Nought can exceed um;
Souls do in *sorrow* swim,
And *Tears* do *feed* um;
That every *sense* is dim
To *Peace* and *Freedom*.

Eye me, Try me,
Can you deny me?

Thus

Thus he beguiles the *Wise*,
But if you
To his *Bow* do bow
Your Soul becomes a *Sacrifice*;
Fires, *Mires*,
Brooks, and *Briers*,
Kinder are than *he*,
Then shake him off,
With *scorn* and *scoff*,
Sing, and *drink Sack* with me.

The Departure.

BY all thy *Glories* willingly I go,
Yet could have wish'd thee *Constant* in thy *Love*;
But since thou needs must prove
Uncertain, as is thy *Beauty*,
Or as the *Glass*, that shews it thee,
My *Hopes* thus soon to overthrow,
Shews thee more fickle, but my *flames* by this
Are easier quench'd than his,
Whom *flattering smiles* betray,
'Tis tyrannous *delay*
Breeds all this harm,
And makes that *Fire consume*, that should but warm.

Till *Time* destroys the Blossoms of thy *Youth*,
Thou art our *Idol*, worship'd at that Rate,
But who can tell thy *Fate*?

Or say that when thy *Beauties* gone,
Thy *Lovers Torch* will still burn on?
I could have serv'd thee with such *truth*
Devoutest *Pilgrims* to their *Saints* do ow,
Departed long ago;
And at thy ebbing Tide
Have us'd thee as a *Bride*,
Who's onely true
Cause you are *fair*, he loves *himself*, not *you*.

T.C.

The Ladies Answer.

BY all the *Perjuries* thy *Lips* did wear,
Thy *formal Favours* never aim'd at *Good*,
But what might move the *Blood*,
To wanton in its own self-love;
Which *Virtue* bids me to reprove,
Though to *reform* be to *forswear*,
Yet in the *holy State* of *Love* we may
Not *swear* our *Souls* away:
For at the *Latter Day*
We *Damn* if we *betray*
And they that prove
False in their Faith, un-crown the *King of Love*.

Ere *Time* have blemish'd this poor bloom of mine
Your wilde *Idolatry* will worship more
Then *Laplanders* adore:

You

You cannot with your *words* win me,
To think that where no *Saint* you see
You can adore an *empty Shrine*:
No, *dear Dissembler*, the best *Love* doth tend
To a *self-serving End*,
The greatest *Power* that is
We do *obey* for *Bliss*,
He that will be
False to *himself*, can nere be *true* to *me*.

The Fugitive.

FLy, Fly,
Some way, where neither Ear nor Eye
Can ever *see* or *hear* thee;
But those *Furies* that
Daily triumph at
The *Tyranny* of *Truth*,
For I,
By fainting *Famin* vow to *die*,
Ere such a *Sex* come near me,
In whose *bosom* lies
All *Hell* can devise
To ruine *Age* and *Youth*,
From thy *Lust* flows a Floud,
That drowns
All my joyes
In the Bud,
Thou a *Civil War* dost move,
'Gainst the *Royalty* of *Love*,
Treason lodgeth in thy *Bloud*:

She that hath bid *Adieu*
And refus'd
VVhat she chus'd
For a *New*,
Let her *Lover* look to be
In the same *Extremity*,
Faith, she never can be true.

Then welcome *Freedome*, Farewell *Fears*,
I have for *Crowns* exchang'd my *Cares*,
My *Soul* shall soar above the *Spheres*,
And *sing* whilest he the *burthen* bears.

VVho would not *pardon* such a *Thief*,
That slily *steals* away his *Grief*,
Then he that *quarrels* for *relief*,
Resolves to be a *Fool* in *Chief*.

The Humorist.

A Medley conteining ten Ayres.

RE nounce this *Humor* and attend
The fair *advisings* of a *Friend*;
Thou never wilt have sober *Brains*:
Whilest *Love* lies lurking in thy *V*[illegible]
These *folded Arms*, and *broken Lutes*,
Are Symptomes of *forsaken suites*:
Thou sure hast seen some *Lady*, who
As thou wouldst have her, will not do.

Why

Why then be Mute
And ceaſe thy Suit.
Apply thy ſelf to me,
I'le teach thee who
To *win* and *woo*
Yet keep thy *Liberty*.

Ay me!
Will never get her thee
Nor a *ſigh*, nor a *ſhrug*, nor a *tear*,
If ſhe be *fair* and *free*,
She muſt ſee that in thee,
Or thou never ſhalt come near
The thing that thy *Minde*
And *Deſires* have deſſign'd;
Some will *lie down* with *Language* and *Ayrs*,
Some in *Wine*
Will reſign,
Or if prais'd,
VVill be rais'd,
With a *Puritan* fall to your *Prayers*.

But if a *Lady* Great
You would encounter,
Whoſe *Fame* and *Family* are ſeated high;
'Tis *Honor* doth the Feat,
With that ye Mount her,
For onely *Eagles* do at *Eagles* flie;
If you can reach her in the *royal Road*,
With *Panegyrick* and *Seraphick Ode*
You do it *Alle mode*;

But, if the waiting Creature muſt procure,
Tempt her with *Treaſure*, and ye have her ſure,
A voſtre Serviteur.

If you meet
With one whoſe *Wit*
All *Beauty* elſe diſdains,
That will ſuppoſe
A Fountain flows
Of *Violets* in her *Veins*,
Tell her, the *Glory* of her *Face*
May make *Scithians* ſue for *Grace*,
And *Treaſon* turn to *Truth*,
The luſtre of her *Eyes* excell
Thoſe bright Spheres where *Angels* dwell
With ever-yielding *Youth*.

But when y'are wanting One
To be *ranting* on,
Pity 'tis you ſhould be barr'd in,
For you may repair
Unto *Lady-Fair*,
Go your ways in *Grays-Inn Garden*,
There the *Graces* are,
And good *Faces* are
Which the grim *God* of *War*
Never plunder'd,
Have but *care* enough,
You'll finde *Ware* enouh,
And you may ſpare enough
For five hunder'd.

That

That will love half an hour,
If ye bring *Treaſure,*
Or elſe they bar the Door
Againſt your *Pleaſure,*
Yet much I fear, they have met with their Matches,
Since Muſqueteers of late *plunder'd* their *Patches.*

Beſides enacted now they ſee,
The downfall of *Adultery;*
And 'tis a *Paradox* they vow,
For to be *fair* and *faithfull* to:
They ſay the *Sword* deſtroys the *Gown,*
Their *Love* and *Liberties* go down,
Then they *frown.*

But *bid defiance* you that can,
Unto the *Farthingall* and *Fan,*
For no *Commodity* we ſee,
But hath its *Diſ-commodity;*
Then ho!
Toth' *Tavern* let's go,
And drink down Diſaſters,
For *Madamazella* is meat for your *Maſters.*

Be then *Free-men,*
And let the *Women,*
Sue for an *Act of Grace;*
Or not deal
With thoſe will *tell*
Of *Crime,* or *Perſon, Time* and *Place;*

If I can but
Well allure thee to't
We'll endeavour such a brace of *Lives*
So *fair* and *high*
We'll skorn to lie
With *Wenches* or with *Wives*;
I mean but those
Whom the *Fates* dispose
In a very noble *Nuptial flame*;
All other *Fires*
Are wilde *Desires*,
And *crucifie* the *Fame*.

The Invitation.

OH my dear *Cloris*,
Shew where the Store is,
Of all those *Sweets* which man prone to adore is,
Love makes me slavish,
Oh! let me lavish
Those *Joyes* that would make an *Anchorite* ravish,
Sweet, do not lose um,
For in thy bosom
Are all Delights
Of *Lovers* Nights,
Time will destroy them;
Shall I enjoy them,
Let me enshrine
Thy soul with mine.

Ile build thee *Bowers*,
And tinfill *Towers*,
To let in *twi-light*, and keep out the *Showers*;
No *Hag* shall haunt thee,
Nor *Danger* daunt thee,
Such sacred Circles Ile set to inchant thee:
Here *Health* and *Treasure*
With pliant *Pleasure*,
Shall ever spread
Their flowry Bed;
Then leave beguiling,
And grant in *smiling*,
The *thing* that I
Must *do* or *die*.

A Song, sung by Mr. Bushel's *Miners in* Devonshire, *written in* 1645.

Ladies of Love and Leisure,
Where is your *Greatness* gone?
What sudden high displeasure
Hath forc'd ye from your own?
Whileſt we live here obscurely
In *Cottages* unknown,
No *Cares* or *fears*
We ever think upon.

Our Vals are higheſt *Mountains*
For we live in a *Coomb*;

We *drink* of flowing *Fountains*,
Our *dwelling* is our *Tomb*,
Nor look to be exalted
Before the *Day of Doom*;
Where *Scribes*, for *Bribes*,
Shall here deny us *Room*.

We hear a dreadfull *Summons*,
Up in the high Country,
Our gracious *King* and *Commons*
They say cannot agree;
This *Harvest* is for *Cedars*,
And no such *Shrubs* as we,
Yet still we will
Pray for a *Unity*.

The *Day* we spend in *working*,
And chanting harmless *Songs*,
No *Malice* here lies lurking,
Our thoughts are free from *Wrongs*;
And those that *Civil Wars* do love,
We wish they had no *Tongues*,
No *Drums*, no *Guns*,
Or what to *War* belongs.

We wound the *Earths* hard *bowels*,
Where *hidden Treasure* grows,
With *Twibell*, *Sledge*, and *Trowells*,
Pick-axe, and Iron *Crows*,
We search for sinfull *Silver*,
Which all *Dissention* sows,

Their *Health* and *Wealth*
Men do ſo ill diſpoſe.
We eat the *Bread* of *Labor*,
And what *Endeavour* brings,
Sorrow is no next-Neighbour.
Our *Eyes* they are no *Springs*;
Unleſs we ſhed a tear or two,
When as we pity *Kings*,
The Fates of *States*
To us are *Hebrew* things.

A Ramble by Mr. A. B.

STay, ſhut the Gate,
Tother *Quart*, Faith it is not ſo late
As your thinking,
Thoſe *Stars* which we ſee
In the Hemiſphere, be
But the *Studs* in our Cheeks by good Drinking,
The *Sun*'s gone to *tipple* all night in the Sea, Boyes,
To morrow he'l *bluſh*, that he's paler than we, Boys,
Drink *Wine*, give him *Water*, 'tis Sack makes us The (Boyes.

Fill up the *Glaſs*,
To the next merry *Lad* let it paſs,
Come away with't,
Then ſet *foot to foot*,
And but give your Minde to't,
'Tis heretical *Sin*, that doth ſlay Wit,

Then hang up *good faces*, let's drink till our *Noses*
Gives freedom to speak what our *Fansie* disposes,
Beneath whose protection now *Under the Rose is*.

Drink off your Bowls,
'Twill enrich both your *Heads* and your *Souls*,
With *Canary*,
A *Carbuncled face*
Saves a tedious Race;
For the *Indies* about us we carry;
No *Helicon* like to the Juice of *Wine* is,
For *Phebus* had never had *Wit*, or divine is,
Had his face not been *Bow-dyed* as thine is and mine (is.

This must go *round*,
Off w' your *Hats* till the Pavement be crown'd,
With our *Beavers*,
A Red-coated *Face*
Frights a *Serjeant* and his *Mace*,
And the *Constable* trembles to shivers;
In State march our Faces like some of the *Queens*,
When the *Whores* do *fall down*, & the *Vulgers adore* um
And our *Noses* like *Link-boyes* run *shining* before um.

The Answer.

HOld, *Quaff* no more,
But restore
(ye can) what y'have lost by your *Drinking*,
Three

Three *Kingdoms* and *Crowns*
With their *Cities* and *Towns*,
Whilest a *King* and his *Progenie's* sinking;
The *Studs* in your *Cheeks* have *obscured* his *Star* Boys,
Your *Drink* and *Miscarriages* in the late *War*, Boys,
Hath brought his *Prerogative* so to the *Bar*-Boys.

Throw down the *Glass*,
He's an *Ass*
That extracts all his worth from *Canary*,
That *Valour* will *shrink*
Which is onely good in *Drink*,
'Twas the *Cup* made the *Camp* to miscarry; (tame ye,
You thought (in the World) there was no Power could
Ye *tippl'd* and *whor'd* till the *Foe* overcame ye,
Cuds Nigs and *Nere-stir-Sir*, hath vanquish'd *God* (Damne.

Fly from the *Coast*,
Or you are lost,
And the *Water* will run where the *Drink* went;
From hence ye must slink,
If you *swear* and have no *Chink*,
'Tis the *Curse* of a royall *Delinquent*, (well,
You love to see *Beer-bowls* turn'd over the *thumb*
You like *three fair Gamesters*, *four Dice*, & a *Drum* wel,
But y'had as live see the *Devil* as F. or C.

Drink not the *Round*,
You'll be drown'd
In the source of your *Sack* and your *Sonnets*,

Try

Try once more your *Fate*,
For the *Kirk* against the *State*,
And go bartar your *Beavers* for *Bonnets*, (chanters,
You see how you are *charm'd* by your *female En-*
And therefore Pack hence to *Virginia* for *Planters*,
For an *Act* and two *Red-Coats* can rout all the *Ran-*
(ters.

The Prisoners.

IN a *Dungeon* deep we lie,
Cramp'd with Cold *Captivity*,
VVhere the Bed-less bottom owns
Nothing to relieve our *Bones*,
Yet such is the sacred scope of the Soul
That we never shrink
At the *stink*,
VVhen cold water we drink,
'Cause *Conscience* crowns the *Bowl*.

Fetter'd in this filth we lie,
For we know not *what*, nor *why*,
But we ghess (if understood)
'Twill appear for being *Good*;
That *Law* doth strangely on *Conscience* entrench.
VVhere known *true men* are
Planted (far
From the *Judge*) at the *Bar*,
And *Felony* fills the *Bench*.

By the *Pride* of impious *Powers*,
This unhappy *Case* is ours:

VVe

VVe are loſt in *Wealth* and *Fame*,
For a *fault* that knows no *Name*,
If it be *Reaſon* that ſignes our *Reſtraint*,
'Tis then to be *Good*
(Underſtood)
A *Diſeaſe* of the *Blood*,
The *Devil* is turn'd a *Saint*.

On Clarinda *her Anſwering* I *and* No.

WHat *Croſſes* are in *Love*; when ere I come
VVhere fair *Clarinda* ſanctifies the Rome,
(VVith my re-iterated *Love-ſuit*) ſhe
VVith *I* and *No*, ſo *tempts* and *tortures* me,
That I have loſt my Patience; If I cry,
Fair Lady ſhall I leave you? She ſays, *I*;
Agen, ſhe anſwers me, VVhen I would know,
If I ſhall *wait* on her ith' Evening, *No*;
With theſe two Words (unpleaſingly miſ-plac'd)
She gives my fair Affection ſuch Diſtaſte,
I know not what to ask; then do I thunder
Againſt the *God of Love*, and (raging) wonder
That ſuch a *form* where all *Perfection* grows,
Should ſo afflict me with her *I's* and *No's*.

An Elegie on a Good Man.

YOu that did *love* with *filial fear*
The *Soul* that *ſhines* in yonder *Sphere*,
VVhoſe *ſhadow* is *inſhrined* here,
Put on your *Sack-cloth* and appear.

Here

Here lies the *Map* of *Martyrdom*,
Let all therefore avoid the Room,
But those that can, when as they come,
With *Tears*, and *Ashes*, build a *Tomb*.

For here the *Cause* of all your *Cares*,
Lies floating in the *Churches tears*,
Who did expire, as it appears,
Not for His *Faults* but Others Fears.

You that are *Valiant*, *Great*, and *Wise*,
Attend his sacred *Obsequies*,
For on this *holy Herse* those lies,
A Theme for *Tears* in unborn *Eyes*.

Although he was not *understood*,
Yet from his *Spirit*, and His *Bloud*,
Did flow a fair and fertile *Flood*,
Of all that men call *Great* and *Good*.

Religion was his daily Guest,
Within the *Treasure* of his *Brest*,
Was more than *Language* ere Expresst,
Angels can onely tell the rest.

FINIS.